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## Zion's Herald.

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### THE OUTLOOK.

That another crisis impends in the South, grows daily more evident. The race problem presses to a solution, and the whites refuse to solve it. The tragedy at Wabash, Miss., in which a sheriff's posse was wiped out by negro bullets, together with a half-dozen minor tragedies in as many different States, are simply the mutterings of a storm which, if it break, will be more disastrous and fatal in its results than that which afflicted this country less than a generation ago. During the past twenty-five years the blacks have been growing in numbers and intelligence. They know perfectly well that they are practically disfranchised. They know that but for "the judicious use of the shot-gun and the lead pencil," they would dominate the South. And they will not much longer put up with social and political suppression. It will be a fearful day for this land—may it never dawn!—if a race conflict is once inaugurated, for the bitterness of it would be satisfied only by an extermination of the one side or the other.

Many propositions have been made looking towards a solution of this negro problem. Among others, the disfranchisement of the colored people has been proposed; but the blacks would never consent to that, nor would the whites agree to the reduction of their representation in Congress as the result of the political effacement of the numerically superior race. White immigration is another remedy suggested; and this might be effective if the stream could be turned in that direction, and the blacks would continue patting until their votes were neutralized by a vast influx of whites—which is exactly to be expected. The most hopeful step towards solving the difficulty, as it appears to us, is the movement on the part of the Southern capitalists in Alabama and Georgia to break "the solid South" by starting a new issue—that of protection. A delegation of them has visited President-elect Harrison to confer with him upon this subject. If the tariff question could be substituted for the race issue in Southern politics, there would no longer be a necessity for suppressing the negro vote. Indeed, the Bourbon element might feel compelled to appeal to the black vote in self-defense—which would pave the way to a restoration of deprived rights and to equality in the privileges of citizenship. The new industrial movement in the South may have much to do in solving this very serious problem.

The French premier lost ground last week, which he may not be able to regain. The fate of the Floquet ministry will, apparently, be settled by its attitude on the Panama Canal question. While all the newspapers in Paris denounce the action of the Chamber in refusing to come to the rescue of the Canal Company, those representing Floquet and Clemenceau defend it. The dissatisfied investors, who are said to number \$50,000, find a warm sympathizer in Boulanger, who will not hesitate to use the opportunity, directly or indirectly, to further his own purposes. The government has already been beaten on one motion; it would scarcely endure a second disapproval. The state of feeling in France is one of excitement and uncertainty. Several combinations are possible which would bring about important changes—notably a coalition of the Conservatives with the Ferrysties. A new election is suggested as a possible outcome, but no one can foresee what new strength Boulanger would gain by the proposed dissolution. Altogether it is a serious hour for the French Republic.

The fight at Suakim added another bloody leaf to the sanguinary history of that isolated and yet strategically important town. For five years it has been the object of persistent attack. The British first occupied it as a base of operations on the Red Sea, but on giving up the Sudan, Egypt acquired possession of it, and her hold has been maintained by English help. The present commander is Sir Richard Grenfell, who is in the employ of the Khedive. The leader of the besiegers is the famous Osman Digna, who, though often defeated, never stays whipped. He had advanced his trenches to a point which imperiled the safety of the town, and led to a call for re-enforcements from England. Gen. Grenfell's brilliant sallies and attack, in which the Arabs were driven back with great slaughter, and the siege raised, will give Suakim a breathing spell—and that is all. The town will be again invested, and the old state of things will be renewed. Lord Salisbury has avowed his determination to retain Suakim, though what useful purpose is accomplished by its retention, it is difficult to see.

Speculation as to whether Stanley was the white man reported by Osman Digna as having been captured, together with Emin Bey, by the Khalifa's forces, was set at rest by tidings, last week, from the explorer himself, who writes from Bonyala on the Aruwihim, in the middle of August. He had joined Emin, found him well provided for in stores, and rich with his accumulated stock of ivory, and had himself returned to the Aruwihim for the supplies which he had left in charge of his rear guard, and which had failed to reach him. As it took him eighty-two days to get back to his starting-point, and he intended to remain until the end of August, he could not have rejoined Emin before the date of his reported capture. If Osman Digna's announcement was not a fabrication—"a clever Oriental device" to postpone the attack on Suakim—the white traveler taken prisoner with him was not Stanley, but Captain Cassati, whom the former left in Emin's company.

Now that Stanley has been heard from, there seems good ground for hope that Emin Pasha has evaded capture and is maintaining his control of the Equatorial provinces. The expedition sent against him by the Khalifa of Erzeroum was led by Osman Saleh. Preparations for this expedition were being made in the last of May, and four of Gordon's steamboats were to be used. Emin is said to have surrendered on the 11th of October at Lado. The distance, thence, to Omdurman (Osman Digna's headquarters) is 1,200 miles, and from that point to Suakim 400 miles more. According to experts, no news could be received from Lado under four months by the swiftest messenger; and yet Osman Digna asserts that he learned of Emin's capture in a little over two months. The Khalifa's claim to have defeated Emin, secured his rich stock of ivory, and reconquered the Equatorial provinces is, to say the least, a premature claim, and, we heartily hope, an unfounded one. It would be a disaster to civilization almost irretrievable if the noble work of this remarkable man in the Upper Nile provinces should be undone. [One telegram states that Emin returned to the Aruwihim with Stanley.]

Lord Dufferin, the retiring viceroy of India, is opposed to the scheme which has become popular of late, of a congress of native East Indian representatives for bringing the various peoples more directly under native rule. He is of the opinion that the time has not yet come for surrendering the varied interests of this vast empire to home control. And he gave some excellent reasons for his opinion in a speech at the St. Andrew's dinner at Calcutta a month ago. India is rather a cosmos than a separate world by itself. It contains 250,000,000 souls, distributed among almost innumerable nationalities; while outside British India proper, there are 117 native States which belong to the Empire, and which would have a right to representation in any congressional assembly that might be formed. Further, of this vast number of people not more than five or six per cent. can read or write. The great mass are illiterate and degraded, and only a few would be able to understand the complex interests and deal intelligently with the innumerable problems that force themselves upon those who manage public affairs. Religions, languages, customs, politics, vary, almost infinitely, among these adjacent but unfused peoples. There are 106 different tongues spoken. The departing viceroy is undoubtedly right in his assumption that a delegated assembly of natives for arranging the administration of affairs in Hindustan would be a farce, and perhaps something worse.

The present status of affairs in Hayti may be briefly summed up as follows: Gen. Legitime holds the capital and claims to be the de facto ruler. It will be remembered that when the electors met a month or two ago to cast their votes for president, a riot occurred, and Gen. Téménac, the favorite candidate, was killed. Thereupon Gen. Legitime summoned the electors, who had not been frightened away, and proceeded to get himself elected president. The northern and western departments declare that this election was not lawful, and they therefore rebel. They claim that in a legal election they would have a clear majority and could elect their candidate. Gen. Legitime being in possession of the capital, enjoys a measure of foreign recognition. Gen. Hyppolite, the leader of the insurgents, has lately despatched an agent to this country to represent the northern interests. It was with Gen. Legitime that this government had to do in the matter of the confiscated steamer "Haytien Republic." There is scarcely room for two co-ordinate governments in Hayti, and yet, as both sides are resolute, a division would appear to be best, for a time at least, if both could only agree to it.

Unrestricted immigration has been felt to be a serious menace to our free institutions; and among the undesirable peoples have been the Irish, not because they are Irish, but because so many of them are the blind followers of a foreign ecclesiastical potentate to whom they profess supreme allegiance, and who, to ensure that allegiance, keeps them in ignorance. It is gratifying to learn that a change has taken place in the character of the emigration from the British Isles—that the English and Scotch who are coming to our shores outnumber the Irish. During the first ten months of last year the former numbered 119,303 as against 66,248 of the latter; during the present year, for the same period, the numbers read 118,511 and 63,531 respectively. If these proportions are kept up in succeeding years, the Irish vote will cease to be a dangerous element in our politics.

I believe in God. To say this is to confess that there is, in spite of every unpunished sin,

every fruitless sorrow (as we judge), one purpose of victorious righteousness being fulfilled about us and in us.—Canon Westcott.

### PERFECT LOVE.

Love is the essence of practical Christianity. Without it, our religion is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. The tongues of men and angels, the gift of prophecy, the endowment with all knowledge and exact orthodoxy, together with the most extended benevolence, can be no substitute for love. Love beareth, believeth, hopeth; love never fails. It is the one essential and complete virtue of the Gospel. But men may have this Christian quality in varying degrees. The weak affection of the meekie may indicate the beginning of the spiritual life. As an initial phase, this tremulous feeling is acceptable to God; but He does not expect the experience of His true child always to remain so low. There is to be an advance in the intensity, steadiness and fullness of his love. The imperfect experience of earlier years is to be completed. Our earliest love may be variable in its movement—at a high temperature to-day and a lower one to-morrow; affected now by this material condition, then by some flash of light from the Word or the Spirit of God. It is a great point in a believer's life when his affections become settled, when the soul moves steadily towards God, when the needle remains steady to the pole of spiritual truth. At first, the stream of affection may be small; but as he goes forward in the faithful discharge of duty, the disciple will become conscious of an increase in the volume and fullness of flow. His love is at the same time greater and more intense. There is a grip to it which will not let go its hold. It is lasting, unyielding love; many waters cannot quench it; an intense flame cannot consume it. It endureth all things—never faileth.

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY REV. JAMES YEAME.

A topaz glow is in the west,  
Fringe of the robe of parting day;  
Where opal into sapphires blends,  
In splendor lone burns Hepler's ray.  
Yet higher, the translucent sky  
Reveals its depths of diamond blue;  
While myriad points of light appear,  
Like eyes of angels gazing through.  
Beneath, a snowy landscape spreads;  
The earth its emine vesture wears;  
In winter's snow, or summer's glow,  
Alike, God for His own is caring.

My heart is full of joy to-night,  
No place is left for sorrow;  
For Bethlehem's Star displays its light,  
'Tis Christmas Day to-morrow!  
The glow is gone; more brightly shine  
The jewels in the arch of night;  
So, when the joys of earth decline,  
Celestial glories meet the sight  
On the sheer crystal of the lake  
With laugh, and shout, and merry greeting,  
With rush and ring of steel-shod feet,  
I hear the skaters swiftly fleet.  
All else is still; save from the hill,  
Across the valley sweetly chiming,  
Floats the rich music of the bells,  
The Advent of the Saviour timing.

My heart is full of joy to-night,  
No place is left for sorrow;  
For Bethlehem's Star shines forth afar,  
'Tis Christmas Day to-morrow!  
But see, the night has reached its noon,  
The moon rides high, a peerless queen;  
The hour is near, the day comes soon,  
Day of all days that yet has been.  
'Tis come! The clashing joy-bells peal,  
Glad choristers their carols sing;  
The organs blow, the steeples reel,  
The earth is glad for Christ her King!  
And hark! the music of the spheres,  
And notes of seraphs, sweetly singing,  
While earthly choirs and angel hosts  
Tribute of joy and praise are bringing.  
The world is full of joy to-night,  
E'en now the day is dawning;  
For Bethlehem's Star is shining bright,  
All hail! 'Tis Christmas morning!

### CROSSING THE OCEAN.

BY REV. KEVEN THOMAS, D. D.

It was the seventeenth time that I had purchased tickets from the Cunard Company to enable me to partake of all the agreeables and disagreeables of an ocean voyage. No two voyages are alike. I have crossed when all conditions were favorable; often when most of the conditions were decidedly unfavorable. The favorable conditions consist of clear weather, with a breeze which if it does not much help to make good time does not hinder—enough breeze to make the furnaces consume plenty of coal, but not enough to prevent every one on board ship consuming the provisions they have paid for. If it be dishonest to eat that for which no payment has been made, why is it not equally dishonest not to eat what one has paid for? With this conviction exercising a controlling influence over my conduct, it has always been my habit to eat, moderately but persistently, something three or four times a day, whether "squeamish" or not. Seasickness has to be fought. Resist the beginnings. Once yielded, and you are conquered. Pass one single meal, and the humiliating condition is rapidly yours. That serio-comic look on the faces of so many ocean voyagers would soon disappear if certain physical sensations were disregarded, and certain other necessities observed. Many expect to be seasick, and their expectations are, of course, soon realized. But the theme is not attractive, and we will leave it for something if not more entertaining, yet of a less disagreeable kind.

A student of human nature has a fine opportunity on board ship. He is shut in with a crowd of others for ten days. Elective affinities begin to manifest themselves. In four or five days there are distinct divisions of the company. The ladies have discovered who this one and that one is. They have taken the passenger list and have checked off the several members of the company. Wonderful is their ability of "getting to know" all and everything as to the personnel of folks. "I knew that lady's grandmother. She lived in a little bit of a house in Bunkerville. We lived in a mansion-house about half a mile from there.

I have seen that lady's mother scrubbing the steps of that cottage many a time. Her daughter has married that Mr. Stubbins in Hanover St. He kept a big grocery, with a saloon in rear, if the truth were known. She is his second wife. His first wife, poor thing, had a hard time of it. I suppose the old fellow made money, but I wouldn't like to make my money that way no how!" And so, with slight modifications, the pedigree and condition of others are traced, seemingly carelessly and as a pastime, but often with no little of ill-concealed bad feeling.

The most entertaining, though perhaps not the most wholesome, place on board ship is the smoking-room. There one breathes the worst atmosphere (no, not the worst, that is in the state-rooms where poor confined individuals have to sleep) and hears the best stories. If only that wretchedly vulgar habit which some seemingly respectable men have of using profane language could be stopped, one could tolerate all else. Almost invariably some one will demonstrate his low breeding by words that add nothing of use or ornament—not even emphasis. Profanity seems to me the only form of wickedness which yields nothing to excuse or justify it. It is simply and purely vulgar, and marks the man who employs it as coarse and low in sensibility. The advice of most men would be: Keep away from it. But there are times when the only sociable place on board ship for gentlemen is this said smoking-room. I have heard there debates that were excellent in temper, quality and ability. No end of information may be obtained by a good listener. It seems to me that, of all men, a clergyman should seize opportunities to hear exactly what business men are thinking on social and political life. My habit is to sit in the smoking-room so long as the atmosphere is not too oppressive. One can read and listen at the same time.

There is an immense amount of genial good nature on board ship. All stiffness and starchiness are out of place. A clergyman, however zealous and proper a man he may be, does not feel upon himself any responsibility for his fellow-passengers crossing the Atlantic. Angry, offensive, and conceited men soon find their level, and are severely let alone. Men who assume to be something extra, and presume upon the ignorance and nothingness of their fellow-voyagers, are sure, sooner or later, to expose themselves to ridicule and contempt. One incident dwells in my memory ineffaceably. A California lawyer, a tremendous Democrat, with a boisterous, self-assertive manner, a loud, harsh voice, and a pug nose bearing, undertook one stormy day, to instruct the smoke-room in philosophy. He was a materialist of the crudest kind. After he had ventilated his views and opinions in a most dogmatic, offensive and overbearing manner, fairly shouting down all opposition, a quiet sentence from a collegiate professor of philosophy (of whose dignity Mr. Lawyer knew not) pricked his balloon so mercilessly that our Democratic aeronaut fell to the earth with the neck of his reputation completely broken.

On another occasion a young Oxford collegian, something of an athlete, fairly badgered folks into waging on his abilities to jump far and leap high. He won many sixpences. Emboldened by his success, he staked his gold freely. Much to his surprise and chagrin, one of the contestants who, up to this point, had done nothing remarkable, suddenly blossomed out into a very miracle of capacity, and so "cleaned out" our young Oxford athlete that he was literally nowhere. This undemonstrative individual, who had been quietly waiting his opportunity, I found to be a champion prize winner from the State of Ohio. Nothing is more unwise than, on board ship, to assume that your fellow-travelers are all undistinguished, simply because to yourself they are personally unknown. Better far to carry on board a stock of modesty and diffidence sufficient to last the voyage, if no farther.

If clergymen will forgive the suggestion, I should like to say that it seems to me undesirable that they should, if asked, refuse to take part in those innocent diversions which relieve the monotony of a sea-voyage. On our last voyage we had a "mock trial." The counsel consisted of four clergymen; the jury of twelve lawyers, including three judges! From one of the most eminent of the judges the clergymen received the compliment that when they were tired of the pulpit, there was still a profession open to them in which they would undoubtedly succeed. The same judge gives it as his opinion that it was the most successful and least objectionable mock trial of which he had ever had experience. Some clergymen make a principle of refusing, point-blank, to read or recite, or do anything to add an element to any entertainment.

I have been impressed with the difference in character between the voyages from Boston and from New York. On the New York ships the drinking and gambling are far beyond anything I have ever witnessed among people from New England. I have seen young men on the New York line in such a state of continuous intoxication that the wonder was some of them did not fall overboard. And as to betting, there was nothing on the ship or off it on which they were not ready to wager their dollars. Perhaps the faster ships have an inherent tendency to develop faster people. But the difference is very striking.

I am informed that the Cunard Line gives discretionary power to its captains in respect to Sunday services. While it provides "a form of service" which any man who can read can get through with, and no objection can be lodged against it, yet the captain may ask any clergyman on board to preach. The more religiously-inclined captains are generally glad to do this; but the less of religious service some of them get the better they like it. We were greatly interested in a Norwegian minister who insisted, captain or no cap-

tain, on having his religious service for his Norwegian people. The simple bravery of that good man remains with us as one of the most impressive incidents in our last voyage across the Atlantic. He may be now laboring in Minnesota or in some other State; wherever he is, I feel like saying—"God bless him!"

### AS A VAPOR.

With lapse of years and growing experience of the world, the wise man cannot fail to have a deepened sense of the evanescence of human life. In the expressive language of John Foster, we do not so much possess life as we are losing it. The reservoir is in process of rapid exhaustion; the full and constant stream will not fail to drain it to the bottom. In youth the vista extends into the far distance; there is promise of long life; but the lapse of years reverses the order, and life narrows to a span. In the Bible, human life is constantly compared with the most evanescent objects—the grass, the flowers, the breath, the fleeting vapor, which appeareth for a moment and then vanishes forever from human sight. Where are all the years of the past? They rush by as the flood and are gone. Where are the months of the current year? They were, and are not. It was but a moment since, we began the record, and the pages have been told to the final one. The impression made by passing the last milestones in our mortal journey is still fresh when we now move rapidly past another. The moment between the two is a year. "I have thought," wrote John Wesley, "I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God; just hovering over the great gulf; till a few moments hence I am no more seen! I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing, the way to heaven—how to land safe on that happy shore. God Himself has condescended to teach me the way; for this very end He came from heaven. He hath written it down in a Book! Oh, give me that Book!"

### OUR CHURCH ECONOMY.

BY JUDGE L. B. HITCHCOCK.

#### II.

### Membership in the Church.

OUR first inquiry is, how to become a member of the church; and right here a distinctive feature of the Methodist economy appears—the period of probation. A person seeking to become a member is first received upon probation. There is no formality attending this. Application is made to the preacher in charge, and if he thinks the person fit to be received as a probationer, his name is placed upon the list, and he is assigned as a member of some class. The entire membership of the church is divided into classes, each under the charge of a class-leader, whose duties will be considered among the offices of the laity.

To one of these classes the candidate for membership is assigned, and it is expected of him that he will attend the meetings of the class regularly. Preachers frequently have a short public service for the reception of members on probation, but there is no ritual service prescribed for it. An effort was made at the last General Conference to have such a service adopted, but failed of success. It is not necessary that the candidate shall have been baptized, or even that he shall be a Christian person, in the sense of having been converted; it is only required that he is desirous of being saved from his sins, and enjoying the fellowship of God's people. The period of probation is at least six months, during which time the candidate has an opportunity, or should have one, of learning something about the church, and the members of the church have a like opportunity of determining whether the candidate is a proper person to be received as a member in full connection. The relation of a probationer can be terminated at any time by the candidate requesting that his name be dropped; or it may be terminated by the preacher, who may drop the name if, for any reason satisfactory to himself, he is of opinion that such relation should not longer continue.

If such relation continue for the full term of six months, and the leader of the class of which the candidate is a member is willing to recommend that he be received into full membership, and that recommendation is concurred in by the leaders and stewards' meeting, he may then be received. Before this can occur, he must have become a Christian, and must have been baptized. As to the form of baptism, it is usually administered by sprinkling; but either sprinkling, pouring, or immersion will be used as the candidate may prefer. The candidate is received into full membership in a public ritual service of the church, in which he publicly ratifies his baptismal covenant, confesses that he has saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he believes in the doctrines of Holy Scripture, as set forth in the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and agrees that he will "cheerfully be governed by the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church, hold sacred the ordinances of God, and endeavor as much as in him lies to promote the welfare of his brethren and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and that he will contribute of his earthly substance according to his ability for the support of the Gospel and the various benevolent enterprises of the church."

This is a solemn and binding agreement on the part of the candidate, in consideration of which, if no person present objects, the preacher extends to him the right hand of fellowship in the church, and he becomes a member in full connection.

Our new member has agreed that he will cheerfully be governed by the rules of the church. Some of these relate to himself in his manner of life, and our next inquiry is: What are the rules by which a member ought to live? These are contained in the Discipline, and are what are called the General Rules, which the preachers are directed to read to their congregations once a year. If the preachers would more generally remember this direction, there would be no need of referring to these rules in detail, but they may be briefly summed up as follows: The member should avoid evil of every kind, especially profanity, Sabbath desecration, drunk-

ness, buying or selling intoxicating liquor, fighting and quarreling, idle singing, unprofitable reading and conversation, and amusements which cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus. He should also do what good he can to his fellow-men, and especially should help his fellow members in temporal matters. He should attend upon all the ordinances of God, such as public worship, preaching, the Lord's Supper, family and private prayer, and searching of the Scriptures. He should practice total abstinence, and believe in legal prohibition, should not marry an unwakened person except after prayerful consideration, should practice plainness and simplicity of dress, and recognize no divorce except for adultery. These are, in substance, the requirements of the General Rules applicable to members; and the fact that they are not more faithfully observed by all our members, is a confession of the fact that many forget their promise on being received as members, to endeavor as much as in them lies to promote the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

We may now inquire how membership may be terminated. We have seen that the probationary relation can be terminated at any time by the candidate himself or by the preacher; this is not true of a member in full connection. That relation can only be terminated in certain well-defined methods. If the member desires to withdraw from membership, he must make his request in writing to the preacher, who is obliged to grant it unless the person is under charges of un-Christian conduct. Upon a simple withdrawal from the church the member is not entitled to any certificate. If the member withdraws for the purpose of uniting with a church of another denomination, the preacher may give him a note of recommendation, not a church certificate. If the member removes to another place in which there is a Methodist Episcopal Church, it is his duty to ask the preacher for a church certificate, or, as it is commonly called, a church letter, and to present it to the church where he goes to reside. It is the duty of the preacher in the first charge to give such letter, unless the person is under charges, and it is the duty of the preacher in the second charge to receive the letter, and the person thus becomes a member of the second charge. If a member removes from a place without requesting a letter, and goes to reside in a place where there is a Methodist Church, it is the duty of the preacher in the first charge, learning that fact, to forward the church letter to the preacher of the second charge. The reason of this is to be found in the unity of the church, to which reference was made in the former paper. One who is received as a member in full connection is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, wherever that church has a station, and the rules of the church contemplate that each member shall be enrolled in the charge where he lives. A church letter cannot be given to any member unless he intends to present it to some other charge of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and it must be presented within one year after its date, otherwise it is of no effect. If a member removes from a place without requesting a letter, and the place of his subsequent residence cannot be ascertained by the preacher for the period of one year after such removal, the preacher may then enter against his name, "Removed without certificate," which will be a termination of his membership.

One other method of terminating membership remains to be noticed, namely, charges of un-Christian conduct, trial and expulsion—a very extreme remedy, to be employed only when it cannot be helped. If it becomes necessary to present charges against a member, such charges must be made in writing by some member of the church, and presented to the preacher. Charges may be made for immoral conduct, imprudent and un-Christian conduct, neglect of the means of grace, dissension, disagreements in business, non-payment of debts, and insolvency. Forms in which charges can be made are given in the Appendix to the Discipline, and should be followed as far as possible. The preacher, upon receiving these charges, is required to present them to a committee of five persons not members of his own quarterly conference, by whom they are to be tried, after proper notice to the accused member. It is not our purpose to consider the details of a church trial, as it is an extreme measure, and we are glad to believe, of exceedingly rare occurrence. Should it become necessary to resort to it, the rules applicable to the matter should be carefully studied, and each step accurately and carefully taken, as the legality of the action may depend upon some trifling technicality. The judgment of the committee may be that the person accused is guilty of the charge which is made against him, and upon such finding it becomes the duty of the preacher to announce that the accused person is expelled from membership, in which case the membership is terminated immediately. The accused person can appeal from the decision of the committee to the quarterly conference, where the case may be again tried.

Assuming now that our ideal church member, mindful of his agreements upon joining the church, is called upon to hold office in the church, our next inquiry shall be: What are the offices to be filled by the laity, and what are their duties?

### SPIRITUAL ASPIRATIONS.

While without anxiety, true Christian experience is characterized by aspiration for better conditions and higher attainments. There is more land to be possessed, and the soul is constantly girding itself for battle against the giants. This is not the place of our rest. Until we pass the river, our arms are to be kept well in hand to insure a more complete conquest. In the great beyond will be a resting-place, when the armor will be laid off and the psalm of final triumph will be sung. Even then it may be doubted whether we enter into our experience. However it may be in the future, we feel quite sure that our current Christian life is one of aspiration, struggle, advance. No one should feel safe while at ease. The battle day is no time for the soldier to seek repose.

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**The Sanitarium for November.** With the exception of three articles, is principally devoted to the "Proceedings of the American Climatological Association," brief summaries being given of the opinions expressed by experts on a great variety of important subjects. This magazine must accomplish a great deal of good in promoting the science and knowledge of sanitation. \$4 a year. 113 A Second Place, Brooklyn.

**The leading articles in the December Babyhood.** "A magazine for mothers," are: "Rheumatism in Early Life," by H. D. Chapin, M. D.; "A Novel Christmas-Play," by Lucy W. Palmer; "Household Surgery," by Leroy M. Yale, M. D.; "The Notes and Comments," "Baby's Wardrobe," "Mother's Parliament," "Nursery Problems," and some well-illustrated departments, containing hints and information of highest value to mothers who are anxious to rear their children aright. Babyhood Publishing Co.: 5 Beekman St., New York. \$1.50 per year.

**Cassell's Family Magazine for December** closes a volume containing a wider and more useful range of reading for the family than that of any other magazine with which we are acquainted. Cooking, dress, floriculture, music, invention, fiction, health, and many other things, without being classified, have been practically handled in the successive numbers of this excellent monthly. Many new features are promised in the opening volume. Price, \$1.50. Cassell & Co.: New York.

**The Christmas Book Buyer** (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York) is enlarged to 144 pages, and contains a complete review of holiday literature, with a series of well-illustrated illustrations, over thirty of which are printed in colors. "The Books of the Christmas Season" are reviewed by Rosalie Johnson. Other writers are Donald G. Mitchell, James Whitcomb Riley, Octave Thanet, Sarah Orne Jewett, and George Parsons Lathrop. The cover of this issue is a handsome one—printed in gold and crimson on tinted paper. 10 cents a copy; \$1 a year.

**The Musical Review for December** is a bright and full magazine, packed with useful articles to music students, and containing carols and other music worth far more than the value of the magazine. \$1 per year. Franklin Square, Boston.

**The December Art Amateur** contains two colored plates—"Hearts are Trumps," by Francis Day, and "Winter Landscape," by Annette Moran, with six "supplemental designs." The front-piece is a "View of the Dining-room in a Remodeled New York House." The different departments—"Note Book," "The Atelier," "The Home," "The Needle," "Amateur Photography," etc.—are well filled. This first issue of Vol. 20 is an excellent and promising one. Montague Marks: 23 Union Square, New York. Price, \$1 per year; 35 cents a number.

**The Christmas "Double Number" of the English Illustrated Magazine** is one of exceptional elegance and excellence, containing, among other good things, five fully illustrated articles, with a beautiful frontispiece—"A Study in Chalk," from a drawing by E. F. Perugini. "The Angler's Song," from Isaac Walton, is a fine specimen of pictorial work. 40 cents.

**Who has not desired to get hold of some fresh work on the Dark Continent,** giving a brief survey of the history and results of recent exploration—something that can be mastered in a single evening? Dr. George Lansing Taylor has met this desire in his little pamphlet on "The New Africa: Its Discovery and Destiny" (New York: Phillips & Hunt, Price, 20 cents). Much of the matter has previously appeared in the pages of the *Methodist Review*. In its present shape it will be found a useful and compact contribution to knowledge which the reader has heretofore been compelled to search for through a small library of books. —A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, have issued in pamphlet form Mr. Gladstone's reply to "Robert Elsmere," which appeared in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It ought to be bound up with the book itself, whose teachings it so successfully confutes. Price, 15 cents. —We have received "A Plea for Six Months' Schools," by Dr. Atticus G. Haygood—"the cry of Georgia's children," a cry that ought to be heard (the Constitution Publishing Co.: Atlanta, Ga.). —"An Introduction to German at Sight," by E. H. Abbott, instructor in German in Harvard University, is a beautiful little book, containing German grammar, designed to supplement the larger grammars by giving the student at once, in the shape of easy anecdotes, the practice of immediate recognition of German forms and of rendering them into English (D. C. Heath & Co.: Boston).

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## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY KATHARINE LENTZ STEVENSON.

From the steeples chimed the glad bells,  
And the lights flashed through the night,  
Through the blinding sleet and snow-wreaths  
Shedding floods of glory-light;  
And all hearts were filled with gladness,  
As the bells pealed forth their chime,  
Songs and laughter, praise and anthems  
Filled the earth; 'twas Christmas time.

"All hearts," did we say? Look closer;  
See the wan face, grief-filled eyes;  
Of a woman, burying past sorrows,  
Clothed so thinly—near the cries  
Of the babe who clings so closely;  
While, with tiny hand clutched tight  
In the worn shawl's tattered fringes,  
And with sweet face all alight

With the wonder of the Christmas,  
By her side a little child,  
Fierce the wind-gusts, wild the tempest—  
Oh, the night with storm was wild!  
"Mamma! Mamma!" sobbed a faint voice,  
"Mamma's tired, can't walk no more;  
Let's do in 'an' ear's side door!"

For that moment, through a portal  
Flung wide open to the night,  
Came a burst of Christmas music,  
Came a flood of Christmas light.

And the mother pauses, pauses,  
Looks now from the church's broad door  
To the pleading face beside her—  
"She shall have one pleasure more!"

Whispers fiercely through her set teeth;  
Then, in gentler, softer voice,  
"We'll go in and hear them, Mamma!"

How the childish songs so sweet!  
Could they know, those tiny singers,  
Of the woman, worn and sad,  
Who was entering the doorway?

Did they dream all heaven was glad?  
In the darkest, farthest corner  
Sunk the mother with her child;  
Bab's face asleep now, smiling,  
Mamma's eyes with rapture wild.

"Christ is born, is born in Bethlehem,"  
Rang the chorals, full and sweet;  
"Haste all men to crown Him Saviour,  
Lay your glad gifts at His feet!"

Oh, the old, new, strange, sweet story!  
Simply was it told that night;  
Jesus Christ in very surety  
Filled, Himself, that altar bright.

And the long, dark years fell backward  
As the woman listened there,  
She was once again in childhood,  
Heard again her mother's prayer.

The long years lay dead between her  
And that Christmas, long ago,  
When she left the sheltering home-roof—  
God in heaven! Did mother know?

Sin, and shame, and want, and anguish,  
These had filled each day of breath,  
Till to-night, with hope to end all,  
She was hastening on to death.

Death for her, and death for Mamma,  
Death for baby at her breast;  
Of all gifts this world held for them,  
Surely death must be the best.

They should never know her anguish,  
They should never know her shame,  
The dark river guards all secrets,  
Dying, she would leave no name.

Strange the lights, and strange the music—  
Had they risen from her past?  
Was she really in that church-pew?  
Did she dream, or would it last?

Had God stayed her wandering footsteps?  
Had He heard her mother's prayer?  
Was there still hope through the Christ-child?  
Did He live, and did He care?

Mama's voice breaks through her musing,  
"Mamma, mamma, does 'oo hear?"  
Dry is 'ello' such pity 'ories  
All 'bout Deasus—be 'ere here;

All 'bout 'oo know about him, mamma?  
Den fy didn't 'oo tell me?  
First he was a 'till baby,  
Dus like braver, don't 'oo see?

"An' he lubs us, lubs us, mamma,  
'O an' me, I des I'll do  
Till him dat we ain't don'tuffin  
I eat to 'oo house, don't 'oo know?"

And before the startled mother,  
Could the childish patter stay,  
Up the broad aisle pattered Mamma—  
No one thought to say her nay.

Right 'up to the flower-wreathed pulpit,  
Right up to the kindly face  
Lo'ing down in love upon her,  
Out she spoke, with baby grace:

"Deasus, deo sir, 'oo is Deasus,  
'O her braver, won't 'oo send  
Sumfin 'es to 'an 'an mamma,  
Tause we's dot no aver friend?"

"An' my braver is a baby,  
Deo Deasus deo to be—  
The 'ugh a rain of kindly tear-drops  
She was lifted to the knee

Of the man who talked of Jesus.  
"Friends," he said, in husky tones,  
"Christ has come again in child-form—  
Shall we place Him on His throne?"

"Who to the least one giveth—  
Ah, I see, you know the rest!"  
Small need there to press the message,  
Small need there to make request.

Well-filled purses poured forth treasure,  
Tear-filled eyes looked on the child  
As she nestled in the strong arms,  
Looking out with wonder mild.

"D' it's my mamma 'way dat dar, sir;  
Oh, she's kwyin', let me do;  
'O 'um 'um, an' tell her, won't 'oo,  
How doat Deasus lubs her so?"

"Oh, my God, my God!" burst wildly  
From those lips long sealed to prayer,  
"Are you working through my child's heart?  
Do you live, and do you care?"

## THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

How good it is for those who are bereaved  
And sorrowful that our Christian festivals  
Point forward and upward as well as back-  
ward; that the eternal world to which we  
strive ever nearer is linked to the earthly  
joy which has passed away.—Mrs. Charles.

The face of Christmas glows all the brighter  
for the cold. The heart warms as the frost  
increases. Estrangements which have embittered  
the whole year melt in the kindly hospi-  
table smile. Friend lives in the mind of  
friend. There is more charity at this time  
than at any other. . . . The Master's words,  
"The poor ye have always with you," wear at  
this time deep significance. For at least one  
night in each year over all Christendom there  
is brotherhood. And good men, sitting  
amongst their families, or by a solitary fire,  
when they remember the light that shone on  
Bethlehem's plains eighteen hundred years  
ago. . . . the song, "Peace on earth and good-  
will toward men," which for the first time  
hallowed the midnight air,—pray for the first  
time the fulfillment, that battle and strife may  
vex the nations no more, that not only on  
Christmas eve, but the whole year through we  
shall be brethren, owning one Father in  
heaven.—Alexander Smith.

I remember visiting the Grotto del Cane  
near Naples, a natural cavern, which is partly  
charged with a highly poisonous atmosphere.  
The carbonic acid gas, however, being heavier  
than common air, rests upon the ground,  
reaching only to a height of about three or  
four feet; the consequence being, that whilst  
a man may walk upright through the cave  
uninjured, yet if he stoops, or lies down in it,  
a few seconds will prove fatal. If you  
keep your head up toward heaven, and above  
the poisonous miasma that surrounds you, you  
may walk unharmed through the world; but if  
you rest in it, and breathe in it, your very life  
is in peril. I do not say that there is no hope  
for your soul, unless you read chapter, and  
kneel down to pray every morning at six  
or seven, and every evening about ten—no;  
but I do say that it is most important that  
you should have fixed habits of daily devotion,  
and not allow anything to interrupt them. By  
the due culture of your spiritual life. Come now,  
be honest; are not some of you prepared to  
confess, that, from the date of your giving up  
regular seasons of private devotion, you have  
gone back spiritually, and have lost the in-  
ward joy and glowing hope you once pos-  
sessed? I am not surprised you do not come  
to communion. Young man! to-night, it may  
be, at your bed-room door on the third floor,  
you will think, "You know, gentle knock."  
"Come in!" Ah! there is no one there but  
He who knocked at Samuel's door, and would  
not let him sleep; it is Jesus, the young man's  
friend, saying, "Will thou forget Me? Wilt  
thou cast off thy Saviour?" Rise, brother,  
and take your Bible out of the trunk, if it is  
still stowed away. Down upon your knees  
and say, "My Father's God, my mother's God,  
Thou shalt be my God too; henceforth I will  
live for Thee, and openly confess Thee. What  
dost hinder me to join myself unto Thy peo-  
ple?"—J. THAIN DAVIDSON, D. D., in "Sure  
to Succeed."

At Christmas-time last year  
So many friends that now are gone were here!  
So many hopes were glowing then, and now  
So many faiths were strong that now lie broken,  
And loving hearts that trusted without fear;  
—At Christmas-time last year.

At Christmas-time this year  
So many of us find the world a drear  
And barren desert where blooms no rose,  
With mountain peaks surrounding it, whose snows  
Have chilled our hearts, and turned life's foliage here  
—At Christmas-time this year.

At Christmas-time next year  
Who knows what changing fortunes may be near?  
Take courage, then! For right shall turn to day,  
From brightening skies the clouds must roll away,  
And faith and hope and love shall all be here  
—At Christmas-time next year.

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painting you have framed, then hang it on one  
of your walls, which is covered with dark warm  
paper, and see how delightfully the color of the wood  
will blend in with the picture and the wall, and what a re-  
flect it will be, in which we have been wont to entomb  
our choicest paintings.

You have a lovely water color, a bit of beach, and  
beyond, a stretch of sea as blue as the sky above it.  
Don't swamp the dainty thing in a wide staring white  
margin; try instead a mat of the prevailing tone of  
the picture, the blue, which comes in exactly the  
right shade, in the dull finish grain wall paper;  
then outside this put a narrow frame of dull-finish  
ebony, and see if the effect does not please you.

Perhaps you are framing a flower study of  
gorgeous coloring. Get some silk of the most emphatic  
color in the study, lay it in folds for a mat; this gives  
a bit of perspective, then outside your silk place a  
frame of wood, roughened with the chisel and colored  
in dark bronze.

Avoid too, or anything else, dead white  
mats; use soft grays, or, better still, deep cream  
shades. Photographs will stand stronger colors for  
mats, and charming effects may be gained by using  
mats of the margin paper in soft greens, old blue,  
terra cotta, or yellow, always with a narrow, rather  
than wide frame of cherry, oak, or ebony.

Frame your pictures with their hanging place in  
mind, with a view to harmony with the walls on  
which they are to hang, and the drapery and upoli-  
stery about them. Don't introduce too many colors  
into your frames. A good rule to follow in framing  
colored pictures, is to use a shade of the pronounced  
color in the picture as the prevailing color in your mat  
and frame.

One word about the hanging of pictures after they  
are well framed. In fact, frames should hang flat  
against the wall, in fact, most pictures look infinitely  
better hung flat, than they do tipped forward as if  
they were about to fall upon one.

Avoid wires, and hang your pictures by pretty  
cord, or tiny chains, using two picture books instead  
of one, making your cord go straight up to the mold-  
ing, keeping to the lines of the room, and not making  
unpleasant angles with the corners, and, paradoxical  
as it may seem, above all things hang your pictures  
low.

CHRISTMAS EVE.  
God bless the little stockings  
All over the land to night,  
Hang in the choicest corners  
In a glow of crimson light!

The little scarlet stockings  
With a hole in the heel and toe,  
Worn by wonderful journeys  
The darlings have had to go.

And heaven pity the children,  
Wherever their homes may be,  
Who wake at the first gray dawning  
An empty stocking to see!

Left in the faith of childhood  
Hanging against the wall,  
Just where the dazzling glory  
Of Santa's light will fall!

Alas! for the lonely mother  
Whose home is empty still,  
Who has no scarlet stockings  
With childish toes to fill!

Who sits in the swartly dawning  
With her face against the pane,  
And grieves for the little baby  
Whose grave lies out in the rain!

O, the empty shoes and stockings,  
Forever laid aside!  
O, the tangled, broken shoe-strings  
That will never more be tied!

O, the small graves at the mercy  
Of the bleak December rain!  
O, the feet in their snow-white sandals  
That never can trip again!

But happier they who slumber  
With marble at foot and head,  
Than the child who has no shelter,  
No reindeer, nor food, nor bed.

Yes, heaven help the living!  
Children of want and pain,  
Knowing no fold nor shelter  
Out to-night in the rain!

—MAY KILLEY SMITH, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

MISS HARMON'S CHRISTMAS STORY.  
BY MISS E. E. BACKUS.

It was a handsome-furnished, luxurious  
room, every article seeming to speak of  
wealth and of a refined artistic taste, but its  
only occupant lay half buried in the velvet  
depths of an easy-chair, pale and dispirited,  
without a thought of the beauty of her sur-  
roundings. It was a pale, black-robed form,  
and there was no mistaking the almost de-  
spairing expression of the delicate features.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"  
The voice was a querulous wail, and the speaker  
nervously clasped and unclasped her small  
white hands. "I haven't even a dog to love  
me since poor Don was taken!"

"I can't make it seem right," she continued  
her painful musing; "almost every one has  
some one to love and cherish, and Bella and I  
were the last of our line and all the world to  
begeth me my only, my darling one!"

Margaret Harmon raised her head, and reproachful  
eyes heavenward.

She suddenly sprang from her chair. "Why,  
what am I saying! I am becoming morbid and  
wicked, and I promised Bella to be brave and  
strong. It is this approaching holiday that  
unravels me. I survived Thanksgiving Day,  
and now I must face Christmas, and we al-  
ways made so much of Christmas!"

Miss Harmon paced her room with quick,  
nervous tread.

"I've prayed and prayed. I have counted  
my mercies, and I have thought of my hosts of  
friends, and then this over-powering sense of  
loneliness comes over me and sweeps away all  
my good resolutions, and makes a weak, de-  
spairing coward of me. It isn't that I lack  
faith, or distrust my Heavenly Father. Dr.  
Angier is right; I am just too sick, and he said  
work was the best medicine for a sick soul;  
but what can such a poor frail creature as I  
do?"

Miss Harmon's face betokened character,  
and as the hopeless expression disappeared, it  
revealed sweetness and strength. She mused  
now in a happier vein: "I must not be too  
ambitious; perhaps, if I keep my eyes open, the  
Lord will show me some humble work. Giv-  
ing money isn't enough; I need contact with  
other lives."

"Make the world within your reach  
Somewhat the better for your living,  
And gladder for your human speech."

Oh, if I only could!

There was a light tap at the door, and in re-  
sponse to Miss Harmon's invitation, her  
washerwoman entered the room. Miss Har-  
mon had employed this woman for several  
months, but had never before thought of her  
except in the connection of her work. To-  
day, in the light of her simple purpose to min-  
ister to some tried soul, she noticed that the  
honest face was clouded, and that there was a  
tremulous motion in the strong hands as they  
deposited their snowy burden.

"I fear you are ill, Mrs. Morrison. Do sit  
down and rest a while; and there was a sym-  
pathetic thrill in Miss Harmon's gentle voice.

"Excuse me," she stammered; "I be a trifle  
knocked up, and your kind way as made a  
baby of me. I'll be all right soon."

"Perhaps you have been working too  
hard," said Miss Harmon kindly.

"Bless your good 'eart, Miss, no, I'm well  
and strong; work never 'urts me."

"I don't wish to intrude upon your confi-  
dence," said Miss Harmon gently; "but if you  
are in trouble, I should be glad to help you if  
I could."

"God bless you for your kindness. I be in  
great trouble, but I fear you can't help me.  
It's an old story, I'm used to it," and Mrs.  
Morrison wiped her eyes with the corner of  
her apron, and heaved a heavy sigh.

"I, too, have drunk deep of the cup of sor-  
row," said Miss Harmon, with a trembling  
voice; "my sister's death has robbed me of  
my last living relative."

"It's a great loss," said Mrs. Morrison,  
respectfully, "and I'm sorry for you, but  
thank God that you don't know anything  
about my kind of trouble."

"Tell me about it," said Miss Harmon, per-  
suasively.

"I'm almost h'ashed to tell you," said  
Mrs. Morrison, yielding to the kindly pres-  
sure; "I'm a 'ard-working woman with five  
small children, but rum is the devil that robs  
our 'ome of 'appiness. Alas! madam, my  
'usband is a drunkard! And yet he's a good,  
kind man when he is sober, but the drink  
changes him into a perfect fiend. God only  
knows what I 'ave to endure."

"But your husband is sober a part of the  
time; you do not always suffer thus?" in-  
quired Miss Harmon.

"Every now and then he's sent to the Is-  
land, and then for a while we are comfortable  
and 'appy, then he comes 'ome promising to do  
right, but in a little while he's had his  
h'ever again. He's been at 'ome for weeks  
now. Thanksgiving Day we hadn't a morsel  
to eat. I've got behind in my rent, and the  
landlord threatens to turn us out. I spend  
many a night in the cellar with the children  
for fear of my man, for he's just horful when  
he's under the influence of drink. And now  
Christmas is almost 'ere, and we're worse off  
than he've been before; it 'seems as if I  
couldn't bear it," and Mrs. Morrison relieved  
her overwrought feelings in a flood of tears.

Then struggling to recover her composure:  
"I beg your pardon, madam; I didn't mean  
to speak of my troubles, but you were so kind  
I couldn't 'elp it."

"Sympathy is the golden key that unlocks  
the hearts of others," Miss Harmon thought  
with a reproachful pang; "how selfish I have  
been in my sorrow!"

"How much do you owe for rent?" she  
asked.

"Twenty dollars," was the reply.

"Here is the money," said Miss Harmon.

"Oh, I mustn't take it; I don't know when  
I should be able to pay you," cried Mrs. Mor-  
rison, in great surprise.

"Take the money," said Miss Harmon;  
"we'll talk about payment another time. I  
know you are a worthy woman, and will not  
abuse a kindness. I am sorry for you, and I  
want to be your friend. Don't be downcast.  
Have faith in God. Who knows perhaps He  
has a Merry Christmas in store for you!"

"May the Lord grant you peace," said Mrs.  
Morrison, with touching fervor; "I 'entered  
your room 'opeless and rebellious, but you  
'ave given me fresh 'eart. I don't know 'ow  
to thank you."

"Don't try," said Miss Harmon, struggling  
between smiles and tears. "Thank Him who  
is your Father and mine."

"Here was working waiting for me at my very  
door, and I was blind to it," said Miss Har-  
mon to herself, as Mrs. Morrison disappeared. "A  
royal task is this to bless this humble home  
with happiness and peace, to make these chil-  
dren feel that the Christ-Child has not passed  
them by."

Three days more, and Christmas! Miss Har-  
mon had no longer any time to waste in nur-  
sing her sorrow; she felt that she was divine-  
ly commissioned to carry the Christ-Child to  
seven sad and hapless souls—and she did it.

She discovered, with the aid of a gentleman  
friend, that although Mr. Morrison's case was  
a desperate one, he was not a man devoid of  
finer instincts, and that he had long since  
reached the point in his career where the drink  
habit had become a disease requiring medical  
treatment. He gladly consented to enter for  
a time the Home for Inebriates, and Christmas  
Day saw him safely housed and cared for, and  
his home relieved from the blighting influence  
of his presence. And what a Christmas day  
that was to Mrs. Morrison and her little fam-  
ily! The day previous, materials sufficient  
for several sumptuous dinners arrived, and  
the children were in a pleasant state of ex-  
citement over the safe bestowal of the won-  
derful goodies. Then, during the night, Santa  
Claus did his work, and the Christmas sun  
shone upon no happier household than Mrs.  
Morrison's.

"From a friend, in honor of Christ's Birth-  
day," said little Fanny Morrison, reading from  
the fly-leaf of a beautiful copy of "Little  
Lord Fauntleroy."

"That is what it says on one side of the tag  
that's fastened to my sled," cried her brother  
George; "and there's the same thing on  
Mamma's doll; yes, and even on the baby's  
rattle and Hattie's tea-set. Christ's Birth-  
day!" and something like a thrill of awe  
mingled with the jubilant tone. "So that is  
what Christmas means?" he added.

"Yes, and it means that we must kneel  
down and thank Him before we 'ave a morsel  
of breakfast," said Mrs. Morrison.

Surely, the fervent prayers in that humble  
home were answered in showers of blessing  
upon their kind benefactors, for in trying to  
show others that it was for them that Christ  
was born at Christmas-tide, Miss Harmon re-  
ceived such a revelation of His love as com-  
forted her sad heart, and made His birthday a  
bright and happy anniversary.

THE SENSIBLE YOUNG MAN.  
LET me whisper this word in your ear, my  
young friends: The sensible young man,  
the one who will make a good husband, thinks  
a great deal more than you are apt to suppose  
of good-nature and sweetness of disposition,  
and these, when genuine, are only the habit-  
ual expression of love.

"How does she treat her mother?" "How  
does she speak to her little brothers and sis-  
ters?" "How does she treat even the dumb  
dog and kitten on the hearth-rug?" These  
are questions which he asks himself about  
you, if he is wise, and he is always answering  
them as he sees you live.

You think he admires only the pink cheek  
and sparkling eye and the little figure and the  
new gown and brave bonnet, but, I tell you,  
the young man is not quite such a simpleton  
after all. He knows that a pink cheek, pretty  
as it is to look at, may become very unpretty  
when flushed with pettishness or anger, and  
that out of cherry lips may come most rasping  
and irritating chatter, that may make his  
whole life miserable. This young man often  
has a good deal more sense than you give him  
credit for; and gentle, lovable, equable good-  
nature are qualities which make the homeliest  
face and figure beautiful.—Golden Rule.

GOD BLESS US ALL!  
God bless us all! With Tiny Tim  
"God bless the baby hands that clasp  
While cheerily from lip to lip  
The Christmas wishes pass;  
God bless us all, the circle round,  
Wherever are our dear ones found;  
At home, abroad, please God, we say,  
God bless His own on Christmas Day!"

God bless the golden heads arched  
Where ruddy beards flames leap and glow;  
God bless the baby hands that clasp  
Heart fibres in their clinging grasp;  
God bless the youth with eager gaze;  
God bless the sage of lengthened days;  
At home, abroad, please God, we cry,  
God guard His own, 'neath any sky!







